A SUMMER JAUNT IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY MRS. E. S. THACKARA.

[A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GENERAL SHERMAN.]

A CANADIAN CALECHE.

NUMBER THREE.

AT ST. ALPHONSE.

Realizing we were at a standstill, I "turn out," in sailor's parlance, and being first on deck, stroll alone into the village, or rather scattered hamlet. Nothing can be smaller or more meager than the dwellings, except, perhaps, the lives of the inhabitants, who are dispersed widely over this bleak region. The large size of their church surprises me, but I am told it serves a great neighborhood, and is only proportionate to the number of parishioners who gather from far and near on Sundays. Its interior decorations are beautiful in white and gold; quite the handsomest country church I have ever seen. The *Canada* has brought to the natives crates of cabbages, *and in return is now loading up with blueberries.* Such blueberries and cream! We can never forget them. Close to the wharf they are canning the dark juicy fruit, for which they pay fifteen cents a bushel fresh, and ship "to Canada and the States." We have piled up on the lower deck, near the steerage, two hundred and seventy boxes, each holding two dozen cans.

There are fifteen priests aboard, almost all of them French, and those whom I have been fortunate enough to meet are interesting men.

At eight o'clock we descend the river. The black, shadowy mountain-sides of last night are outlined in bare rock and sparse cedar growth. Into this desolate valley Jacques Cartier penetrated on his tortuous voyage in 1535, only to pause at a short distance from the entrance, while Champlain and Lescarbot rendered this region historic by attending a great Indian council on its shores in 1603. The heroic Jesuits labored and suffered in this almost inaccessible wilderness amongst the Indians, who were universally of the Catholic faith two hundred years ago.

The Saguenay is in places one hundred fathoms deeper than the St. Lawrence; its current is swift, and the color dark, clear or frothy, and very salt. We are all called upon the forward deck to watch the approach to Cape Trinity. No description can give an idea of its solemn immensity. In sheer precipitous rock and scanty verdure rises this triple peak eighteen hundred feet above us, and at its base the rushing water is three thousand five hundred feet deep. To one who has beheld it the suggestion of its name fills the mind and soul with the mighty mystery to which it raises a silent hymn.

A white cross is mounted upon the highest point, and upon the lower one stands a white statue of the Blessed Virgin. It looks but life-size, yet is thirty feet in height. As silence reigns amongst us, the still air wafts up the hymn of "Ave Maris Stella" from twenty manly throats. It is a surprise to us all, and how prayerful and impressive!

A Boston man, of a different faith, confesses, afterward:

"It has brought tears to my eyes."

The vessel swings about to let the huge rock hang over us; then, moving slowly, the whistle blows, when a few seconds later our salute is returned by "Trinity" in echo. "Eternity" is no less magnificently bold, and there is no hint or glimpse of another world in this "valley of death." Clouds have collected, and the cold, drizzling rain is driving many from the deck—so, unfortunately, we must see Tadousac, that cheerful, picturesque settlement, in the rain. Nothing daunted, though the rain is pouring down, we don our mackintoshes and cross the gang-plank. Such quaint rigs to select from, but *we* are really selected and quickly tucked into what seems to be the covered seat of an old-fashioned buggy or buck-board—whilst the chipper little Frenchman mounts an uncovered front seat. He turns his coat-collar up to *keep out the rain, and smiles cheerfully as* he chats *delightfully!* He had once been to the States as gardener for a very near neighbor of ours in Pennsylvania. We asked why he did not remain, as our climate was certainly more congenial to gardening. He answered in Canadian French:

"But I have a wife and eight children here. I would be homesick there."

The quaint miniature chapel, perched just within the Saguenay's entrance, has witnessed strange water-pageants upon the great St. Lawrence, during the eventful centuries, and now stands silent amidst the winter blasts that block man's commerce with tons of ice, a small monument to Père de Crepreul, its founder. It is much too small for use and has been supplanted by a very large bare structure near by. The interesting salmon fisheries must be left for our next visit. So we return to the boat, and I might say to Quebec, in the pouring rain. We always arrive early, so now it is only half-past six o'clock, Sunday morning, August 31, when we pick our way over logs laid on the submerged dock. We are fortunate in finding rooms at the Florence, quite clean and comfortable, and have just time to join the congregation of St. Jean Baptist, gathering in endless numbers for the seven o'clock mass. I ask a prayerful lady "for a place in her pew," she smiles and shrugs her shoulders, at which I address her in French and receive half the pew with prompt politeness. All the prayer-books about us are French, as we afterward find most of the town.

TO THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

At breakfast we meet the first acquaintance since we parted with our two friends at Bangor. Indeed, all of our fellow-travellers have been from New England, which rather justifies the Micmacs in calling our country the "Boston States." But here is the one-horse conveyance whose owner, having brought us through a maze of streets, proposes to take us to the Falls of Montmorency, eight miles east of town. Crossing a stream, that is the St. Charles River, at high tide, and almost disappears when the tide is out, our road runs parallel with the St. Lawrence, and we pass within sight of Jacques Cartier's monument, erected on the spot where he spent his first winter in Canada in 1534.

I am fascinated by Beauport, a village through which we pass, where the French homes are one-storied buildings, with the second stories in immense shelving roofs. They are neatly painted, unless stone, and as the doors stand ajar, I long for an extended glimpse of the interior life. Upon almost every doorstep or narrow porch sits a group of rosy-cheeked, black-eyed babies, their fat little legs incased in bright, home-knit yarn, and as cheerful-colored frocks put on for Sunday. The church and convent are in the center of this five-mile village, and the way is gay with church-goers. The ruins of Montcalm's headquarters look mournful enough, having been burned after serving as flour-mills for an "Orangeman." Again on this absorbing road is the tiniest chapel ever seen, now very old and out of use.

We cross the Montmorency River, a foaming, amber torrent, walled in by slate formation. Some yards beyond, it disappears in resounding roars. The verdure fringing the turbulent stream dips its vivid-green foliage in the spray to the very edge of the falls. Leaving our carriage, we pay fifty cents to enter a grove, and guided by the sound that some suppose led the French to call the falls La Vache, we come in sight of Quebec. The storied town upon her high, armored hill, the islands famous in her battles, the great river in its ceaseless course carry my mind back to other days and people it with the historic figures of the past. From no other point in our visit have we caught such a grand glimpse of the old city. Then turning, we beheld the Montmorency, a column of rolling mist. We descend many steps down the deep ravine, but the wind carries the spray so thickly upon us that we are forced to beat a retreat and feast our eyes upon the beauties far and near from a high point. We pluck a bunch of the pretty blue cornflowers called *bluet*, as French as the red and blue-hosed infants on the quaint narrow Beauport porches. Then we drive home, our interest riveted upon our driver, who falls fast asleep, fortunately with no evil results. He slumbers quite half an hour, whilst the noble steed, at his own well-regulated gait, holds to the road and lets whom we meet turn out. No one dreams of disturbing the slumberer, who recovers his consciousness and his reins sheepishly. Going out he had exhausted himself informing us of every object of interest, so that returning we can ourselves point out the "natural wall," "Duke of Kent's place," the "Lunatic Asylum" and all the rest.

We are on hand for the early Sunday dinner, and losing no time, we immediately after start sight-seeing on foot. Our hotel is on St. John street, outside the gate of the same name, close to the market square. So we pass within the walls and feel the spell of wandering the narrow old streets which lead us to the top of the long flight of wooden steps down to the lower town. But we turn to the Dufferin Terrace. It is a broad platform of wood built for fourteen hundred feet along the edge of the high bluff of the upper town. To look over the housetops, across the river, the wooded heights past Point Levis, and to the east the ever blue Laurentian Hills, is an everlasting joy. But we had supposed the terrace more massive and solid. Planks seem neither worthy nor sufficiently endurable for the promenade of thousands at such a height. The governor's garden bounds the Terrace above, where stands a monument doubly noble in recording the valor of two contesting generals—Wolfe and Montcalm. The following eloquent inscription is on the monument:

"MORTEM, VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT."

Then beyond is the citadel, still higher up, moated, walled, ramparted, until a peaceful visitor must have a guide to get him in. We were about turning away, fearing Sunday regulations, when a female, from a mysterious window somewhere, called out: "You wish to get hin, don't you?" We did, so we followed her instructions and found a gate about which some red-coats were loafing and the usual sentry pacing up and down. A jaunty little soldier with his round cap perilously near his left eye and his chin strapped painfully tight with its leather band, guided us about. History and topography were dealt out to us meagerly, but "the regiment pet bear," "the colonel" and "the game of lacrosse" were congenial topics.

The place where Montgomery fell, scaling the face of the fortress, and the landslide that buried forty houses some years ago, were pointed out; then with great pride the gun captured at Bunker Hill. "Ah," said a Boston girl, pretending great interest, "you captured this at Bunker Hill; well, you keep the gun and we will keep the hill." The soldiers were playing lacrosse, which caused me some alarm, in spite of the assurance that the ball was light. It is the view that adds to the greatness of Quebec—a dreamy fascination—and nowhere is it so superb as from the citadel.

There were hours left of this precious day and only one other day to see what we would have lingered over indefinitely, so we find a *calêche* and drive to the Plains of Abraham. Why had we not adopted one of these odd vehicles for our entire stay. Such a swing behind a horse above two wheels I never expected to enjoy. Almost upon the horse's back and close before us was the driver seated on the cushioned dash-board. The motion and air were so exhilarating, that the Plains of Abraham, the scene of strife and deeds heroic, would not look gloomy. It is a green field high above the river, with the solitary marble erected to Wolfe:

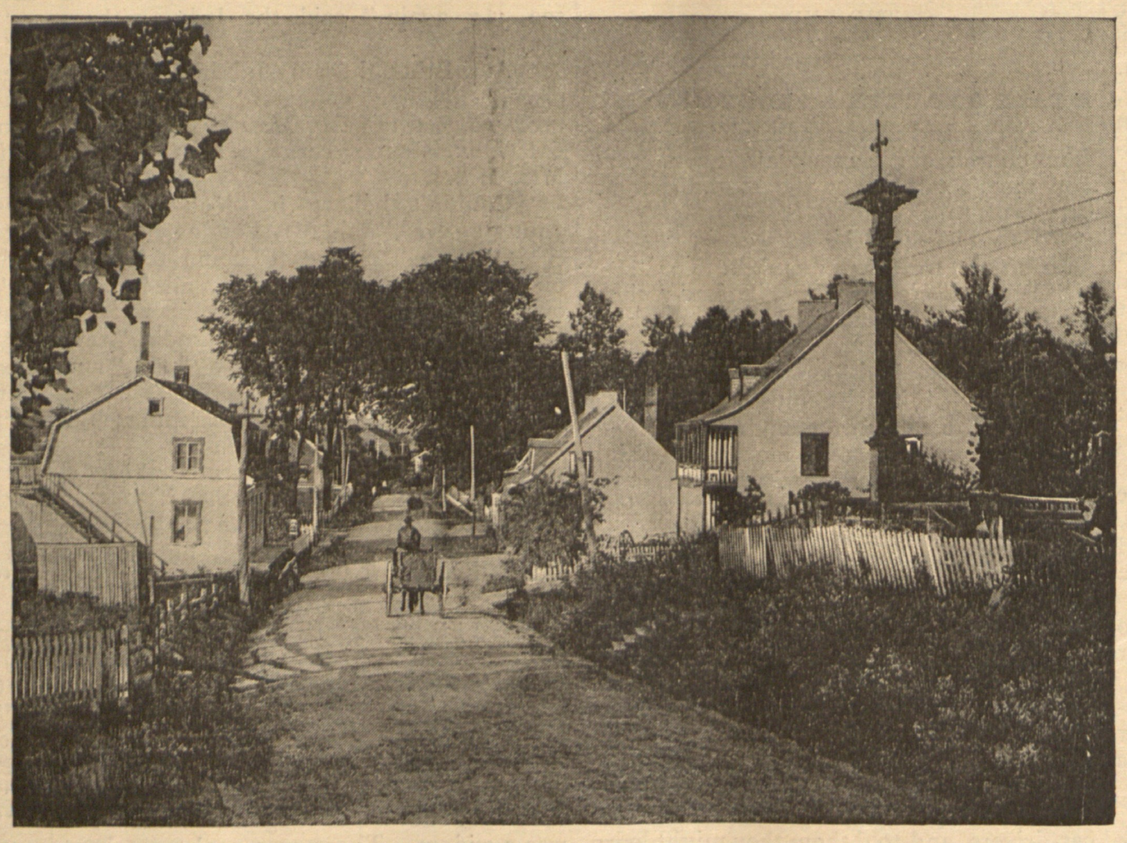
"HERE DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS
SEPT. 13,
1759."

is the inscription.

Back to the town, past the imposing government buildings that we see, like the old Laval University, from every direction, down the steepest side street (it seems as if we must slide to reach the bottom) we arrive in astonished safety at the entrance of a charming chapel.

Such freshness I have never seen outside a convent, yet all the world is going in, and from the loft sound sweet, clear soprano voices—the Gray Nuns singing the benediction.

We walk to the hotel reviewing our day,



ROAD TO MONTMORENCY FALLS THROUGH BEAUPORT.

which has included a call upon the cardinal in his palace, a peep at the basilica or immense Catholic cathedral and several churches, besides the chapel already mentioned. Yet we have so often smiled at rushing sight-seers at home.

Monday morning we cannot resist Laliberte's fur-store, so rich in all the furs of the north, and from there look into the shops without further temptation to purchase. We mount our *caléche* for the Laval University, where a big Frenchman shows us a wonderful collection of minerals, books, birds, etc., etc., and we pause at the picture-gallery—the finest in Canada—which boasts of some rare paintings. The collection of Huron antiquities, implements and reapers is also very interesting. Our small fee is received with grave thanks: "For the University," our guide adds, seriously.

Perched above our horse's back, we are swung quickly around many corners, to stop at the barred doors of the Ursuline Convent, and a series of bells brings a tidy Frenchwoman to open the chapel to us. Here Montcalm is buried in a tomb formed by the bursting of an enemy's shell, and the white marble slab tells the story in French and Latin. This is a beautiful chapel, rich in gold ornament, but in harmonious loveliness. It was my companion's favorite, whilst I admired the sweet, devotional church of Notre Dame des Victoires in the heart of the lower town, and a small sanctuary on a corner near Kent Gate within the walls.

We heard fellow-travellers regret that they had not heard these Ursuline nuns sing, and so do we now; but we were very glad to see their splendid chapel.

The Frenchwoman did not murmur that our tip would go to the convent fund, but smiled alike at us and the small coin.

We had been amused by a point of interest suggested on a list as "the house where Montgomery was laid out in." This we tried to see, but alas! for American enterprise, the small house had been transplanted to join Libby Prison at the Chicago World's Fair.

The Parliament Building, conspicuously handsome, we visited after lunch, admiring the interior, which is to be richly decorated in scenes of Canada's thrilling history. No public character will be forgotten, from Frontenac, the impetuous but valiant French governor, to Lord Dufferin, its late governor-general.

Just as all Quebec is preparing for Prince George (who was at Halifax when we passed through), and his fleet is hourly expected, we go aboard the *Montreal* and steam away for Montreal. We regret leaving the old town of hilly streets, its walls and fortifications, and so much unseen in the hurry of our visit.

So the citadel fades with the sunlit glow upon it, and the French town has its place in our memories amongst their living recollections.

One more night up the St. Lawrence, and the day dawns on Mount Royal towering above the flat, regularly built modern city of Montreal. It is so accessible to the United States, so American in its appointments, that one feels as if one were already out of Canada, yet even here the French inhabitants far outnumber the English. We deposit our baggage at the Windsor, an excellent hotel which faces the open square, where the ice palace holds its brilliant reception each winter, and then drive up the steep ascent of the mountain Park, through natural forests, which at length brings us to a superb view. The city lies at our feet like a vivified map, and beyond the St. Lawrence with its islands, bridges and rushing water. Still further off, vailed on the misty horizon, are the Blue Mountains and the Adirondacks.

Of all the handsome stone churches that tempt inspection we chose the church of Notre Dame, and make our way into the vast, dark interior. The decorations are elaborate, and there is no lack of devotion. That is evidenced by the many who kneel praying even during the busy hours of the afternoon.

Dinner and a drive afterward bring us to train time, and find us seated in a car bound southward.

As we approach Plattsburg a custom-house official comes aboard to examine our light baggage, and our foreign tour is ended!

A midnight change and a few dark hours more, by train, bring us to North Creek, on our way into the Adirondacks. The small frame station, bathed in the chilly morning mists, seems a fitting place to mount a lumbering stage, which groans under crates of chickens and provisions in the whilst the eager horses stamp and fret. So, with a crack of the driver's long whip, we are off. Following the babbling, glistening stream, that is warm with the first glow of the day, we only pause for a very necessary breakfast, to dash still higher into the clouds.

The stream in its wild beauty has hidden itself in the dense primeval forest and the mighty peaks raise their shaggy verdured heads in view; one of them, however, is as bald as any veteran warrior. The driver pulls his slouch hat somewhat closer over his left eye, takes a fresh hold upon his long Virginia cigar and tells us a wonderful tale of a cyclone which, some months before, devastated a wide tract of the forest in a few moments' time.

Before noon we are completely hemmed in by mountain ranges, the scattered dwellings are quite isolated and the hamlets far apart. But we stop at each of them to water our strong, hard-working horses, and at Indian Lake four new steeds replace those which have brought us thus far.

On, on, up and down springs the musical coach, until the crowding azure hills culminate in the bosom of a gem-like lake. This is Blue Mountain, and at its base its own sweet lake. The three hotels alone break the wilderness, for all the camps are snugly hidden in trees. This is the dinner station, and after dinner we get on board a small steam-launch which conveys the travellers to the camps on the different lakes. Blue Mountain Lake, mirrored blue at heart, all its margin filled with the wavering outline of leafy bank, is walled by fretted hills in dense, green foliage.

And now the launch rounds a sheltered cove and glides into a narrow winding stream called the Marion River. Poling beneath a rustic bridge our shallow channel narrows until the deep grasses and lily pads graze the sides of the boat. Then we come to a small wharf gay with the mountain costumes of passengers awaiting the launch, and are ourselves informed that we must leave this boat and walk across the carry. The road through a deep forest suddenly brings us to a counterpart of the launch we had just left, and so we are soon wending another tortuous stream, Nihanawata, which spreads before us in dazzling beauty as the sun's ruddiest sparkling rays light each wave that laps the ninety miles of tattered shore. And then comes Raquette Lake, the object of our excursion into the Adirondacks, and here we spend three ideal days.

The rustic log-huts so cosy within the open camp, redolent of hemlock boughs, before which the burning logs crackle and glow; the delicious sleeping-tents are familiar to too many for me to attempt their description. But my memory is haunted by the swift gliding over the crystal lake by night and day; the delicious walks in the fragrant woods; the evenings out of doors before the huge fire, and of the good venison and speckled trout. So like a dream the days pass, and we are once more seated high upon the lumbering stage. The peaks pass again in solemn procession until, lower down, is the creek broadening to the river which flows past the proud metropolis and is lost amongst the ships and busy traffic of the Bay of New York.

So was our trip ended, and we mingled, like the stream, in the mighty human sea of a great city.

THE END.

A TALL BOY WITH A SHORT MEMORY.

"Sir," asked a man, of a minister going from church one Sunday afternoon, "did you meet a tall boy on the road, driving a cart, with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," he answered; "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" inquired the man, looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai: '*Remember* the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."

PAT'S POSER.

Father Mathew warned a friend against the use of inconclusive arguments—arguments which, to use a strictly temperance metaphor, will not hold water. He said he was once addressing an audience of Irish car-drivers, and told them they might learn a lesson from the brute creation.

"If," said he, "I were to set before one of your horses a bucket of water and a bucket of whiskey, you know which the wise beast would take."

Whereupon one of these quick-witted car-men replied: "Well, father, if I were to place before my horse a truss of hay and a sirloin of beef, you know which the wise beast would choose. But does it follow that the hay is best for me?"

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Oh, Wilford, you *won't* regard ma with aversion? You *won't* say things about mothers-in-law, will you?" little Mrs. Pendexter coaxed. "Because she *isn't* in the least like the kind of mother-in-law they mean, you know."

"I hope not," said Mr. Pendexter. "I sincerely hope not, Camilla."

"You never called me by my whole name before," sighed Mrs. Pendexter. "You always said: 'My dear Cammy.'"

"Very well, my dear Cammy," said Wilford. "I shall certainly behave to your mother as I would to any other lady. If she is what she should be, all right. But I always have resolved to be master in my own house, and I always will be."

"My dear ma is a perfect lamb," sobbed Camilla. "I have her photograph upstairs. I'll get it to show you."

"I've seen it," said Mr. Pendexter, with the remembrance of a grim and ancient matron in spectacles, with a ruffled cap on her head and a prayer-book in her hand, floating before his eyes. "She looks like a very excellent person, but—"

"I did not know that you had ever seen ma's portrait," said Camilla. "But what, Henny Penny?"

Henny Penny was her pet name for her spouse.

"But the proof of the pudding is the eating, Cammy, dear," her spouse replied. Whereupon he put on his overcoat and betook himself to his usual affairs.

It was a singular thing never to have seen one's mother-in-law. Mr. Pendexter began to feel that it was rather risky. He had met Miss Spruce at the house of a mutual friend. She was teaching a school at the time. Her only living parent, her mother, lived in California. He had rather rejoiced in the fact; and now she had broken up housekeeping and was coming to New York to live, with them, no doubt, if she was invited to do so.

"If she is as serious as she looks she'll expect me to teach Bible-class," soliloquized Mr. Pendexter as he walked down the street. "She'll try to stop my cigars and my glass of beer of an evening. She'll consider my friends wicked young men, and throw the euchre deck into the fire. I know those goody-goody old ladies by heart."

Suddenly, as he turned the corner, a face met his eye that brought memories of long departed days, of a flirtation which might have resulted in an affair of the heart. Mr. Pendexter was not as young as his wife. He had had his little experiences.

What a portly woman that was—could it be the same person?

He slightly lifted his hat, the lady smiled, he bowed.

"After all, the world is a small place," said he, to himself, and walked toward her.

"Well, I *declare*, I never expected to see *you* again," said the lady, with a laugh.

"And I thought you still in San Francisco," said Mr. Pendexter. "What nice talks we used to have, Mrs. Miller."

"Why, it's ten years ago, isn't it?" cried Mrs. Miller.

"Couldn't believe it. You look as young as ever," said Mr. Pendexter.

"Oh, when it comes to being told that one looks as young as ever, all hope is over," said Mrs. Miller.

"Well, I intended a compliment," said Mr. Pendexter. "I'm getting bald," and he took off his hat.

"It only makes you look more like Shakespeare," said Mrs. Miller.

"She always says such nice things," said Mr. Pendexter to himself.

The idea that he looked like Shakespeare had occurred to him before, but no one else had ever told him that he did. He felt flattered; a little pang of regret pinched his heart. He had often felt that he had made a mistake in losing sight of Mrs. Miller, to whom he had never been regularly introduced. They had begun to speak in the street-cars during a blockade, which provoked them both. They had always spoken after that. He judged that she was about his own age, and knew she was a widow. There was a charm about her that he had never seen in any other woman.

"And I think she told me she was alone in the world," he said to himself. "And I should not have been expecting my mother-in-law to make my life wretched if—" His thoughts were running away with him; he laughed.

"Are you living in New York, Mrs. Miller?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I'm going to some friends after a while, but I am at ——— Hotel just now. I don't believe in popping in on people tornado fashion. If they want me, let them urge me, say I."

"I wish my mother-in-law had that disposition," said Pendexter to himself. Aloud he said: "I must call on you."

The lady laughed.

"I haven't asked you," said she.

"But you'll let me in if I do come?" said he. "It's my duty to call on a stranger."

All she said was: "Well, good-bye."

During the day Pendexter was not quite himself. He had discovered that his Camilla could pout. He feared the unpleasant things that he had been told came to a man with a mother-in-law. No doubt he should find her, grim and sarcastic, in the parlor on his return. He did not like that photograph. No; he did not like it. He thought he preferred being a little late that night. And as he went up-town, the bright entrance of the little hotel met his eye, and he stepped out on the platform and stepped off on the corner.

Mrs. Miller was in, the waiter told him; and she tripped into the parlor in a dress of mauve silk that became her mightily. Her hair was black; her eyes were brown. She was no longer young, but she was by no means old. She was in very high spirits, and they flirted—yes, flirted—despite the fact that Pendexter was a married man—as they had, ten years ago, in California. They had supper together in the restaurant, and after supper an idea occurred to Pendexter.

"You want to see the new comic opera, Mrs. Miller?" said he. "Don't say no. Get your wraps, and come along. We're a couple of old Californians, and must not set up for ceremonious. You don't need a chaperon; now, do you?"

"I should say not, decidedly," said Mrs. Miller. "And I'll accept your invitation."

Then, while she went to dress, Pendexter telegraphed to his wife:

"Sha'n't be home until very late. Obliged to meet a man on business. Provoking detention.
"H. P."

"A man about to be mother-in-lawed is entitled to a little fun beforehand. They feed condemned men well before they hang them," said Pendexter to himself.

It was a very charming opera; no other than "Erminie." And after the opera, there was the promenade concert on the roof of the Casino. A glass of lemonade for Mrs. Miller, a bottle of beer for himself. And they walked arm in arm back through the moon-lit streets of beautiful wide-awake New York. And he was very serious as he left her at the door of the hotel.

"It won't do to go there again," he said to himself. "But Lord, what a fool I made of myself ten years ago!"

He went home sadly and slowly. His Camilla opened the door for him in her dressing-gown, with a china candlestick in her hand in which guttered an end of pink candle. She had been weeping and her nose was red—how girlish and immature she was, he thought.

"You are very, very late," she said.

"Didn't I say I would be?" he asked. He stalked upstairs. She did not follow. After some minutes he looked over the banisters. Camilla sat upon the lower stair weeping, the wick of the candle flaring in a little pool of grease in the candlestick.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You never kissed me when you came in," sobbed Camilla. "It's the—the—the first time you ever forgot to do it."

"Come up and be kissed," said Pendexter. Camilla slowly climbed the stairs. Caresses were exchanged.

"Her Henny Penny didn't mean not to kiss his Cammy;" thus Camilla.

"Cammy doesn't know what business bothers are," said Mr. Pendexter. "Henny Penny is tired and worried with them; his Cammy must not be cross."

"No, no; but Cammy wants to share all Henny Penny's troubles," said Mrs. Pendexter. "Tell her all about it."

Just then the street door-bell rang violently; not once, but sixteen times.

"Oh, dear, dear, I believe it is dear ma!" cried Camilla.

Pendexter glared at the photograph over the chimney-piece.

"Just like her," he muttered, as he went down-stairs to open the door. A telegraph boy was just about to ring again. Pendexter snatched the envelope he offered and signed as bidden; then rushed upstairs to peruse the missive. His Cammy was rushing about the room wringing her hands.

"A telegram!" she cried. "Something has happened to ma!"

Mr. Pendexter assumed a serious aspect.

"Be calm, Cammy," he said. "If it is the will of Providence that something has